



Anything Wrong With Your Skin?
Zam-Buk
 WILL SOON PUT IT RIGHT
 Wash with Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap.

NOTICE

ANNUAL DINNER.

The Annual Dinner of the Shareholders of the Charlottetown Hotel Co., Ltd., will be held in the Dining Room of the Hotel Victoria on Monday evening, Feb. 1st, at 8 p. m. All Shareholders are asked to please be present, and if they cannot attend to kindly notify the Secretary or Mr. H. C. Brown two days before the meeting.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Charlottetown Hotel Co., Ltd., will be held in the Dining Room of the Hotel Victoria on Monday evening, Feb. 1st, at 9 o'clock p. m. (After the Annual Dinner) for the purpose of hearing the reports of the Directors on the business of the Company for 1925, and for the purpose of electing Directors for 1926.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A Dividend of 6 per cent, payable to Shareholders on record Jan 15th, 1926, of the Charlottetown Hotel Co., Ltd., has been declared by the Directors and will be payable on Feb 1st, at the meeting of the Shareholders of the Company.

W. K. ROGERS, President.
 D. A. MacKINNON, Lt.-Col. Sec'y-Treasurer
 Charlottetown Hotel Co., Ltd.
 7280 18 road 71.

NOTICE

Breeders having shorthorn, Ayrshire and Holstein bulls of breeding age for sale are requested to list same with the Department of Agriculture, stating age, breeding, price and other particulars in connection with the animals offered.
 7469-28-1-21.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that John Angus Darrach, of Dundee, in the County of Queen's, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, Farmer, will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the present session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from his wife, Jane Darrach, of Dundee aforesaid, Married Woman, on the ground of non-consummation of his marriage with her.

Dated at Charlottetown, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, this 9th day of January, A. D. 1926.
 Thompson, Coté, Burgess and Thompson, Solicitors for the Petitioner
 7371-22-1-151.

Black Prince Fox Co., Limited

"The Voluntary Winding-up Act"

Notice is hereby given that at a general meeting of the shareholders of the Black Prince Fox Company Limited, duly called for the purpose, and held in the office of Peter N. Pate at O'Leary, in Prince County on the 22nd day of December A. D. 1925, the following resolution was unanimously passed:
 "Resolved that it would be in the interests of the shareholders of Black Prince Fox Company Limited, that the affairs of the Company be wound up under the provisions of 'The Voluntary Winding-up Act' and that the affairs of the Company be wound up accordingly and that George Horne and George M. Matthews be appointed Liquidators for such winding up."

GEORGE HORNE, GEORGE M. MATTHEWS, Liquidators.
 7358-29-1-21.

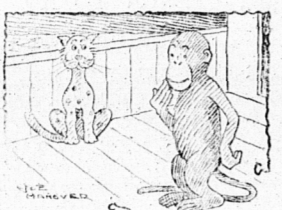
SMILES



TO BE SQUEEZED
 Bob: It was a bear market today.
 Belle: Let's play stock exchange.



COULDN'T BE WORKED
 He: Your proposition is interesting, but I'm no cross-walker.
 She: What do you mean?
 He: I can't be worked.



BOARD THE GOOD SHIP AR
 Monk: I'd like to know what part were headed for, anyhow.
 Lynx: Sh! While I was prowling around Cap Noah's cabin I saw a lot of grapevine cuttings and I suspect he's looking for a place where he can set up a moonshine wine press.



TOO SMALL A FIGURE
 "I'll give you a nickel, if you will keep quiet."
 "You know, ma, that the purchasing power of a dollar isn't what it used to be."



MADE HIM SEE RED
 She: She's so jealous she writes to him with green ink and puts green stamps on her letters.
 He: Yes, and he says it makes him see red.

AUCTION SALE

On premises of Myrdock Gillis at Culloden on Feb. 2nd starting at 12 o'clock Farm Stock, Crop, Implements and Furniture.
 If stormy first fine day.
 D. J. RILEY, Auctioneer.
 23-1-21

Bardlys The Magnificent

"It goes without saying that he was reasonable, I never for a moment held his judgment in doubt; there is no loyalty about a cut-throat, and it is not the way of his calling to take unnecessary risks. We had just settled the matter in a mutually agreeable manner when the door opened again, and his confederate—rendered uneasy no doubt, by his long absence—came to see what could be occasioning this unconscionable delay in the sitting of the throats of a pair of sleeping men. Beholding us there in friendly converse, and no doubt considering that under the circumstances his intrusion was nothing short of an impertinence, that polite gentleman uttered a cry—which I should like to think was an apology for having disturbed us—and turned to go with most indecorous precipitancy. But Gilles took him by the nape of his dirty neck and hauled him back into the room. In less time than it takes me to tell of it, he lay beside his colleague, and was being asked whether he did not think that he might also come to take the same view of the situation. Overjoyed that we intended no worse by him, he swore by every saint in the calendar that he would do our will, that he had instantly undertaken the Chevalier's business, that he was no cut-throat, but a poor man with a wife and children to provide for. And that, in short, was how it came to pass that the Chevalier de Saint-Eustache, himself, by disposing of his own full confidence, not only of having the Chevalier's accusations against whomsoever they might be, discredited, but also of sending the Chevalier himself to the gallows, he had so richly earned."

CHAPTER XXI
 Louis the Just
 "For me," said the King, "these depositions were not necessary. Your word, my dear Marcel, would have sufficed. For the courts, however, perhaps it is well that you have had them taken; moreover, they form a valuable corroboration of the treason which you lay to the charge of Monsieur de Saint-Eustache."

"We were standing—at least, La Posse and I were standing, Louis XIII sat—in a room of the Palace of Toulouse, where I had had the honour of being brought before His Majesty. La Posse was there because it would seem that the King had grown fond of him, and could not be without him since his coming to Toulouse. His Majesty was, as usual, so dull and weary—not even roused by the approaching trial of Montmorency, which was the main business that had brought him South—that even the company of this rapid, shallow, but irrepressibly good-humoured La Posse, with his everlasting mythology, proved a thing desirable. "I will see," said Louis, "that your friend the Chevalier is placed under arrest at once, and as much for his attempt upon your life as for the unstable quality of his political opinions. The law shall deal with him—conclusively." He sighed. "It always pains me to proceed to extremes against a man of his stamp. To deprive a fool of his head seems a work of supererogation."

"I inclined my head, and smiled at his pleasantry. Louis, with his rarely permitted himself to jest, and when he did his humour was as like unto humour as water is like unto wine. Still, when a monarch jests, if you are wise, if you have a favour to sue, or a position at Court to seek or to maintain, you smile, for all that the impetuosity of his witless wit be rather provocative of sorrow. "Nature needs meddling with at times," hazarded La Posse, from behind His Majesty's chair. "This Saint-Eustache is sort of Pandora's box, which it is well to close ere—"

"Go to the devil," said the King shortly. "We are not jesting. We have to do justice. Now, Marcel, tell me what else you have to tell." "Naught else, sire." "How naught? What of this Vicomte de Lavedan?" "Surely Your Majesty is satisfied that there is no charge—no heinous charge—against him." "Aye, but there is a charge—a very heinous one. And so far you have afforded me no proofs of his innocence to warrant my sanctioning his enlargement." "I had thought, sire, that it would be unnecessary to advance proofs of his innocence until there were proofs of his guilt to be refuted. It is unusual. Your Majesty, to apprehend a gentleman so that he may show cause why he should not deserve such apprehension. The more usual course is to arrest him because there are proofs of his guilt to be preferred against him."

"Lois combed his beard pensively, and his melancholy eyes grew thoughtful. "A nice point, Marcel," said he, and he gazed, "a nice point. You should have been a lawyer." Then, with an abrupt change of manner "Do you give me your word of honour that he is innocent?" he asked sharply. "If Your Majesty's judges offer proof of his guilt, I give you my word that I will tear that proof to pieces."

"That I know what he carries in his conscience?" quoth I, still fencing with the question "How can I give my word in such a matter?" Ah, sire, it is not for nothing that they call you Louis the Just." I pursued, adopting caprice and presenting him with his own favourite phrase. "You will never allow a man against whom there is no shred of evidence to be confined in prison."

"Is there not?" he questioned. Yet his tone grew gentler. His eyes had grown kinder. He now knew him as Louis the Just, and he would do naught that might jeopardize his claim to that proud title. "There is the evidence of this Saint-Eustache!" "Would Your Majesty hang a dog upon the word of that double traitor?" "Hm! You are a great advocate, Marcel. You avoid answering questions; you turn questions aside by counter-questions. He seemed to be talking more to himself than to me. "You are a much better advocate than the Vicomte's wife, for instance. She answers questions and has a temper—Ciel! what a temper!" "You have seen the Vicomte's wife?" I exclaimed, and I grew cold with apprehension, knowing as I did the licence of that woman's tongue. "Well, he echoed whimsically, "I have seen her, head over heels, well-nigh left her. The air of this room is still disturbed as a consequence of her presence. She was here an hour ago." "And it seemed?" I asked La Posse, turning from his hunting-horn. "As if the three daughters of Acheron had entered the domain of Pluto to take embodiment in a single woman." "I would not have seen her," the King resumed as though La Posse had not spoken, "but she would not be denied. I heard her voice when I retired to my chamber—there was a commotion at my door; it was dashed open and the Swiss who held it was hurled into my room here as though he had been a manikin. Dieu! Since I have reigned in France I have not known the centre of so much commotion. She is a strong woman, Marcel—the saints defend you hereafter when she shall come to be your mother-in-law. In all France I'll swear, her tongue is the only stouter thing than her arm. But she's a fool!" "What did she say, sire?" I asked in my anxiety. "She swore—Ciel! how she'd swear! Not a saint in the calendar would she let rest in peace; she dragged them all by turns from their chapter-rolls to bear witness to the truth of what she said." "That was—" "That her husband was the foulest traitor out of hell. But that he was a fool with no wit of his own to make him accountable for what he did, and that out of folly he had rode astray. Upon those grounds she besought me to forgive him and let him go. When I told her that he must stand his trial, and that I could offer her but little hope of his acquittal, she told me things about myself, which in my conceit, and thanks to you flatterers who have surrounded me, I had never dreamed of."



King Cole Tea
 FULL OF QUALITY
 It will like the flavor

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said he, "and render thanks to Heaven." But I shook my head very soberly. "To Your Majesty it is a pleasing comedy," said I, "but to me, helas! it is nearer far to tragedy. "Come, Marcel," said he, "may I not laugh little? One grows so sag with being King of France! Tell me, what vexes you?" "Mademoiselle de Lavedan has promised that she will marry me only when I have saved her father from the scaffold I came to do it, very full of hope. Sire. But his wife has forestalled me and, seemingly doomed him irrevocably. His glance fell; his countenance resumed its habitual gloom. Then he looked up again, and in the melancholy depths of his eyes I saw a gleam of something that was very like affection. "You know that I love you, Marcel," he said gently. "Were you my own son I could not love you more. You are a profligate, a desolate knave, and your scandals have rung in my ears more than once; yet you are different from these other fools, and at least you have never wearied me. To have done that is to have done something. I would not lose you, Marcel; as long as I shall if you marry this rose of Languevedoc for I take it that she is too sweet a flower to let wither in the stale atmosphere of Courts. This man, this Vicomte de Lavedan has earned his death. Why should I not let him die, since if he dies you will not wed?" "Do you ask me why, sire?" said I. "Because they call you Louis the Just, and because no king was ever more deserving of the title."

He winced; he pursed his lips, and shot a glance at La Posse, who was deep in the mysteries of his volume. Then he drew towards him a sheet of paper, and taking a quill, he sat toying with it. "Because they call me the Just, I must let just take its course," he answered presently. "But," he objected, with a sudden hope, "the course of justice cannot be the headman in the case of the Vicomte de Lavedan."

"Why not?" And his solemn eyes met mine across the table. "Because he took no active part in the revolt. If he was a traitor, he was no more; than a traitor at heart, and shall a man commit a crime in deed he is not amenable to the law's rigor. His wife has made his defection clear; but it were unfair to punish him in the same measure as you punish those who bore arms against you, sire."

"Ah!" he pondered. "Well? What more?" "Is that not enough, sire?" I cried. My heart beat quickly, and my pulses throbbled with the suspense that portended with a sudden. He raised his head, dipped his pen and began to write. "What punishment would you have me mete out to him?" he asked as he wrote. "Come, Marcel, deal fairly with me, and deal fairly with him—for as you deal with him, so shall I deal with you through him."

I felt myself paling in my excitement. "There is banishment, sire—it is usual in cases of treason that are not sufficiently flagrant to be punished by death." "Banishment?" he wrote busily. "Banishment for how long, Marcel? For his lifetime?" "Nay, sire. That were too long." "For my lifetime, then?" "Again that were too long." He raised his eyes and smiled. "Ah! You turn prophet? Well, for how long, then? Come man, I should think five years—"

"Five years he fit. Say no more." He wrote on for a few moments; then he raised the sandbox and sprinkled the document. "Tens!" he cried, as he dusted it and held it out to me. "There is my warrant for the disposal of Monsieur le Vicomte Leon de Lavedan. He is to go into banishment for five years, but his estates shall suffer no sequestration, and at the end of that period he may return and enjoy them—we hope with better loyalty than in the past. Get them to execute that warrant at once, and see that the Vicomte starts today under escort for Spain. It will also be your warrant to Mademoiselle de Lavedan, and will afford proof to her that your mission has been successful."

"Sire!" I cried. And in my gratitude I could say no more, but I sank on my knees before him and raised his hand to my lips. "There," said he in a fatherly voice. "Go, now, and be happy." As I rose, he suddenly put up his hand. "Ma foi, I had all but forgotten, so much has Monsieur de Lavedan's fate preoccupied us." He picked up another paper from his table, and tossed it to me. It was my note of hand to Chateaufort for my Picaudy estates. (To be continued)

About Beans
Home-Cooked Beans Are Delicious—
 but how seldom the beans are cooked right. Sometimes hard, sometimes soft, sometimes too wet—or perhaps done to a crisp. And the hours of cooking they require and consequent waste of expensive fuel. Next time get "Clark's" Pork and Beans. They are always ready—just heat and serve, and noted: Every bean of uniform size—every bean whole—yet every one cooked to perfection. They are sold with three kinds of sauce. Tomato, Chili, Plain—Buy the kind you like best, they are all delicious. "Clark's" will be appreciated by all the family, are most economical—and save the housekeeper work and worry. The Government legend on every can of "Clark's" Pork and Beans and other meat products guarantees their absolute purity. W. CLARK, LIMITED, Montreal.



KEEP yourself bright, smiling and vigorous, with a cup of FRY'S every day. Dainty chocolaty flavour—natural stimulant to the nerves—grateful nourishment to a tired body. A small spoonful does for a cup—make it with milk and you have a royal beverage indeed.

See directions on tin—



"Nothing will do but FRY'S"



EATING WITH BRITISH ROYALTIES
 A LADY OF THE COURT
 (Edited by Elizabeth Craig)

ROYAL STILLROOM RECIPES
SYRUP OF MARSHMALLOW
 A small glass each of oil of almonds, and marshmallows mixed with 1/2 nutmeg, grated. Taken before going to bed in glass of mountain wine.
POT POURRI
 Take a peck of roses gathered in the morning as soon as the dew is off them. Pick them clean from the green, but be careful not to lose the yellow seeds as they are the sweetest part. Take one pound of common salt, 2 ozs. of bay salt, and 1 oz. of salt petre, 1 oz. of pimento and of cloves and cinnamon half an ounce each. Let your spices be well-pounded and the salt also well mixed together. Then put a layer of rose leaves into a deep jar, and sprinkle them with the salt and spice till you have put in all your roses. Stir it every day for a fortnight, adding a few roses each day. Then put it to a dozen bay leaves and a handful of lavender flowers. You may mix with the roses orange blossoms, and clove pinks if you like and six penny worth of musk. Be careful that no green of any sort be in it except the bay leaves, nor any white roses.
SALINE DRAUGHT
 2 drachms of carbonate of potash.

SENNA TEA
 2 ozs. of senna leaves boiled in a quart of water and allowed to simmer all night by the fire. Be sure to have all the stalks picked out. When cold add an ounce of concentrated senna. Take of this mixture about 2 or 3 tablespoons at any time when required. Cork it down and it will keep for some time.

AN EXCELLENT TOOTH CLEANSER
 Mix 2 ozs. of Peruvian bark with 2 ozs. of myrrh, 1 oz. of powdered chalk and 1 oz. of orris root.

I have been instructed to sell on Wednesday, February 3rd at 1.30 p. m., at Upton Park Farm, West Wyalong, the entire herd of prize winning registered and fully accredited Shorthorns, consisting of seven bulls, aged 4 months to 2 years and eleven young cows and heifers.
 J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer.
 7475-29-1-41.

Dispersal Sale
Registered Shorthorns
Wednesday, Feb. 3rd

MONTREAL TO TORONTO DETROIT CHICAGO INTERNATIONAL LIMITED
 Leaves Bonaventure Station, Montreal, 10.00 A. M. Daily.
 Ar. Toronto 5.40 P. M.
 Ar. Detroit 11.30 P. M.
 Ar. Chicago 8.00 A. M.
OCEAN LIMITED
 Makes Connection Daily from all Maritime Province Ports. For Fares, Reservations, Etc., Apply to
 W. K. ROGERS —Or— L. P. RITCHIE
 City Ticket Agent Ticket Agent Station

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S. S. "ORDUNA" February 8th

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Valuable Property FOR SALE

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Terms to suit purchaser.

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